

1276
Loyalty Honour'd, ¹¹⁷
O R A
W E L C O M E

To His Illustrious GRACE
James Duke of ORMONDE,
Lord Lieutenant GENERAL
A N D
General GOVERNOUR of the
Kingdom of IRELAND, &c.

By F. M^o. D. Student in the Mathematicks.
H. Mac D., F. Student, &c.

Great's the Honour from'n Illustrious Line
By Birth, and Fortune to Derive;
But Greater 'tis when w' our Selves do Shine,
And t'our Successors greater Glory Give.

*Inter & innumeras circum tua Tempora Lauros,
Hanc hederam Magnate tibi sine serpere Nostram.*

Dublin: Printed by Francis Dickson at the *Union*
Coffee-House on *Cork-Hill*, 1711.



To the Reader.

LOOK Smiling on, and then you soon will Find
 Those Loyal Thoughts that Dwells within my Mind,
 Are here Expos'd (kind Reader) to Your View;
 The Words are Plain, and so's the Meaning too:
 All those that Weigh at Best what Mortals can;
 That nothing Perfect here is done by Man:
 Will Faults (as mine) be pleas'd to Overlook;
 It's from my Weakness they their Number took.
 The Subject's Great, I Presume to Choose;
 Bold's the Attempt, but Pleasing to my Muse,
 Whose Soaring Fancy Burns to Give Her Store:
 O! Spacious Fields, She ne'er was in before.
 I Care not what the Criticks Think, or Say;
 They seldom Give the best of Friends Fair Play;
 Nor will Themselves, nor can endure that We
 Shou'd Give our Thoughts in this Plain Dress, You see,
 And Praise the Worthy in their Just Degree.



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 Coffee-House on Corn-Hill, 1711.

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LOYALTY HONOUR'D : Or, a WELCOME to
His Illustrious Grace JAMES Duke of OR-
MONDE Lord Lieutenant General and Ge-
neral Governour of the Kingdom of Ire-
land, &c.

SMile (Gentle Neptune) by Jove early sent,
With ample Pow'r to Rule your Government ;
Smile powerful Prince, Monarch of the Sea ;
Let Wind and Weather their Fury now Allay ;
And all the Main your Mighty Pow'r's Obey :
Beat Boreas down, and in your Empire Tame,
Those Violent Gusts that from his Confinas came ;
Prevent all Storms and Dang'rous Falls of Rain,
Assuage those Billows in the Swelling Main,
Which shakes the Shades, and all beneath that Ly,
And in an instant seems to Dare the Sky.
Drive boisterous Blasts to the Shades below ;
Let Raging Tempests their Allegiance know,
And no Wind stand but what must gently blow :
Let no Wind stand, but such as Grecians found,
In Tuscan Creeks, and there in Bags had bound
At Will, to Use those Kind and Gentle Gales ;
Their Wand'ring Ships to Steer, and fill their Sails :
The Power of Heaven, Joyning with the Sea ;
All Peace to Give, all Clouds to drive away ;
All Calm on Earth, and nothing in the Deep,
But seems to Smile, or Rest in Gentle Sleep :
Let a South-East Gale take Delight and Bride,
With Ruling Power o'er the Seas to Ride,
And to GREAT ORMONDE prove a Gentle Guide :
Let Millions of Trumpets thro' all the Sea,
With due Regard, their Obedience Pay,
And Charm this Passage with Heavenly Notes,
While God and Angels for his Safety Notes :

A 2

Let

Let all the Hero's of the Spacious Main,
 (The Choicest Flow'r of your Royal Train,)
 Guard His GRACE, and in Safety back again :
 Guard Great ORMONDE t'our Rejoicing Shore,
 Where Glorious were his Ancestors before,
 In Shining Grandeur, Lords and Rulers Sat,
 Thro' Scenes of Fortune follow'd *England's* Fate;
 Most Loyal Champions for their Church and State.
 Welcome Great *Ormonde* Crown'd with Lawrels, sent
 By the best of Queens, and Wifest Parliament,
 As our Vice-Roy to Rule our Government :
 Your Ancestors Glory Shines Bright in you,
 The best of Subjects, and the Greatest too.
 Welcome, Great Soul, of Ancient Great Descent ;
 Great in Heart, in Actions Excellent,
 T'our Church and State, Thrice welcome Ornament :
 Let all our Cannon from each Quarter Roar,
 And Sound your Welcome t'our *Irish* Shore.
 What Land ? O ! ORMONDE, knows not thy Renown ;
 Ever Famous for Loyalty to the Crown :
 In Spite of Envy your Greatest Foes must own,
 Your Burning Zeal to Serve the British Throne :
 So Great Your Heart, so Glorious is your Soul,
 No Worldly Inter'st, either can Controul ;
 Nor Love, nor Hatred, Your Grace can Influence,
 From *Britain's* Good, and *Anna's* sure Defence.
 Hail, immortal Hero, Just, Good, and Great ;
 Now all the Nation on your Trophies Wait,
 Now Loyal Souls Dance in every Street ;
 Now Men and Women in Great Numbers Meet,
 To lay their Garlands humbly at Your Feet.
 Now Lawrels fresh Adorns your Lofty Crest ;
 And ORMONDE's Name Sounds from *East* to *West*.
 ORMONDE the Great, the Noble, and the Just ;
 ORMONDE the Loyal, in Places High of Trust ;
 ORMONDE the Brave, the Valiant and the Stout ;
 ORMONDE, whose Name shall never here be out.

O Great *Mecenas* of our Age we see,
The Highest Honours, Justly Wait on Thee,
With equal Justice, to Give Us all our Due;
Our Gracious Queen has Wisely Chosen You:
You're the Dove from the Ark of *England* sent,
With Royal Justice, to Rule our Government;
The Blessed *Joseph*, in Great *Anna's* Reign,
The Heart of those that Famous here have been,
For True Allegiance to their King and Queen.
At Your Election, Heaven seems to Smile,
And own Your Worth to Rule this *Western Isle*:
The Honour Great, is truly Just Your own
By Birth and Loyalty, You Represent the Throne,
By Height of Merit, You are Short of None.
Witness (of many) that Famous *Landen* Fight,
The Stoutest Heart amaz'd to see the Sight;
With unequal Force, when *NASSAU* did Advance,
And bravely Fought the Numerous Troops of *France*
When Showers of Balls from all Sides did fly,
And tearing Cannon seem'd to Rend the Sky;
When Death's sad Trumpet Summon'd to the Grave,
The Stout, the Strong, the Valiant, and the Brave;
When Heaps of Corps had cover'd all the Field;
Then *ORMONDE* the Great, was to his Prince a Shield:
The Royal Troops He bravely Lead to Try,
That doubtful Issue, with the Gen's d'Armeree,
To's lasting Glory, his Illustrious Grace,
Look'd Death with Courage boldly in the Face,
And daring Fortune, like *Hunides* Stood,
Or Warlike *Castriot* cover'd all with Blood,
Or Immortal *Scipio*, when for's Country's Good;
He Vanquish'd *Hanibal*, stopt that dreadful Fate,
Which Strangely shook the Mighty *Roman State*:
O'er-power'd by Numbers, his brave Troops but Few
Perform'd to Wonder, all that Men cou'd do;
Surrounded close, attack'd in Flank and Front
Thro' all the Flame, they bravely bore the Brunt;

Will clearly forc'd at last to bear a Share,
Of doubtful Fate, which always waits on War;
The Heart-Sick Monfieurs their Advantage Rue,
In Spite of Numbers, they lost Six to Two.

VIGO's Fate shall Trumpet loud his Fame,
And those Unborn rejoyce to hear the Name;
How *French* and *Spaniards* were most strangely Drunk,
To see their Gallies, and their Treasure Sunk;
Their Fleet and Cargo bravely forc'd away,
As Glorious Trophies to Crown Great ORMONDE's }
And *Spain's* surpriz'd to see this *English* Play: (Day, }
A stroke so fatal has ne'er touch'd their Shore,
Since Ruin'd was their *Armado* great before.
At close Attacks, bold *English* Blood is sure,
And bears all Shocks that Mortals can endure:
Not want of Courage has lost 'em any Ground,
That Fights like Lyons in *Hyrcania* found.
In all Scenes of Fortune, ORMONDE his Own
Most freely Spent, to Serve the *British* Throne.

Europe Speak, in Right of Justice tell,
Your largest Limits knows his Actions well;
How like a Guardian Angel to his Prince,
In *England's* Cause, in *England's* Just Defence, }
He prov'd his Vertue, and his Excellence: }
His Illustrious Race from Times and Ages down,
Ever Famous for Loyalty to the Crown;
Have gain'd vast Treasure of Immortal Fame,
Immensely great: t'Immortalize the Name.
O Glorious Proof in that most dismal Time,
When Treason Rat'd, and Loyalty was a Crime!
When Angry Heaven patiently Saw,
A Brood of Traitors trample down the Law, }
And woeful *England* an AGELDAMA. }
What Pen can Write, or Tongue can well Express,
Of Church and State, the woeful sad Distress;

When

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When God's Anointed as a Traytor Stood,
 Condemn'd by Rebels, that the Laws withstood,
 And to Pagan-Horror, Spilt his Royal Blood.
 When England had her Bowels sadly Rent,
 Her Peace disturb'd, and Royal Government
 Suppress'd, by those that Kingly Race despise,
 And Church and State wou'd make their Sacrifice;
 All Saints without, whate're they are within;
 O! worfe than Vipers, in the Shapes of Men.
 Be kind, my Muse, and draw a Silent Veil,
 Those Tragick Scenes in darkness to Conceal;
 Or if you will your Healing Trumpet sound,
 The Guiltless Nation's not in Justice bound,
 To bear the Fault of such as did them Wound.
 The Eleven Just, it no way cou'd Annoy,
 That Judas vile his Master did betray;
 Nor truly shou'd the Case run Parallel
 Those horrid Actions, hardly Match'd in Hell;
 Lessen our Loyalty, or our Zeal abate,
 Or Prove Uneasie in so Wise a State,
 Disturb our Quiet or our Allegiance awe,
 The deepest Snow before the Sun will thaw:
 Here, Friendly Muse, no deep Incision make,
 Touch keenly fine, the Gall away to take:
 Stop, Loyal Muse, when Prudence does require
 By all the Light Apollo can inspire:
 Let modest Reasons shade 'em from your Fire:
 Let it suffice for Honour, Worth and Fame,
 In Peace and War, Great ORMONDE is the same;
 Loyalty Shines as bright as any Sun,
 The highest Honour's by that blessing Won;
 Which Great Sir, we see most plain are True,
 By height of Merit, clearly prov'd in you;
 O! Shining Light of your Country's hope,
 May Just Heaven enlarge Your boundless Scope;

May

May Health and Happiness bless Your Loyal Heart,
 And Heavenly Blessings from You never Part;
 Let all our Coasts with Joyful Echo's Ring,
 And all our Cities *Io Paan* Sing;
 Let all the Loyal with Acclamations cry,
 Live Great ORMONDE, live Everlastingly,
 In Spite of Fate, your Fame will never Dye,
Nihil non mortale tenemus,
Pectoris exceptis ingenique bonis,
 In deep Transports cou'd I the World refuse,
 And Your Grace wou'd be the *Mecenas* of my Muse,
 My willing Heart, my Vitals all wou'd Burn,
 To sing Your Praises to my Dying Urn.

IRELAND's Voice,

Upon the Arrival of the Nobility Accompanying the Illustrious Prince, His Grace JAMES Duke of ORMONDE, from England, &c.

By the Author of Loyalty Honour'd, &c.

GREAT Worthy Souls, who cross'd the Swelling Sea,
 And Landed all in Safety here this Day;
 Blessed be that Heavenly Providence,
 Which Rul'd the Deep, and brought You Safe from thence;
 Thrice Welcome all t'our Rejoycing Land,
 High Sounds of Joy Echo's o're the Strand!
 Blessed for ever be these Golden Days,
 In which we see Bright Loyal Shining Rays,
 And Clouds of Darkness driven from our View,
 By those True Lights, You have, Great Sirs, in You.
 IRELAND Rejoyce, behold the Shining Light,
 Which Clears all Clouds, and makes your Climate Bright;
 Behold both Nations here, in Loyal Blood,
 Thro' Scenes of Fortune, that for England stood:
 From Kingdoms join'd, the choice of Peers are Come,
 Thus Conquering Consuls Triumph'd into Rome,
 And Ireland's Hero's, thus are Welcome Home.
 Here Cannons Roar, there Trumpets Sound so High,
 Such Shouts of Joy, seems to Top the Sky:
 Our best Endeavours are hardly Half your Due,
 And could we more, we wou'd, Great Sirs, for You:

F I N I S.

